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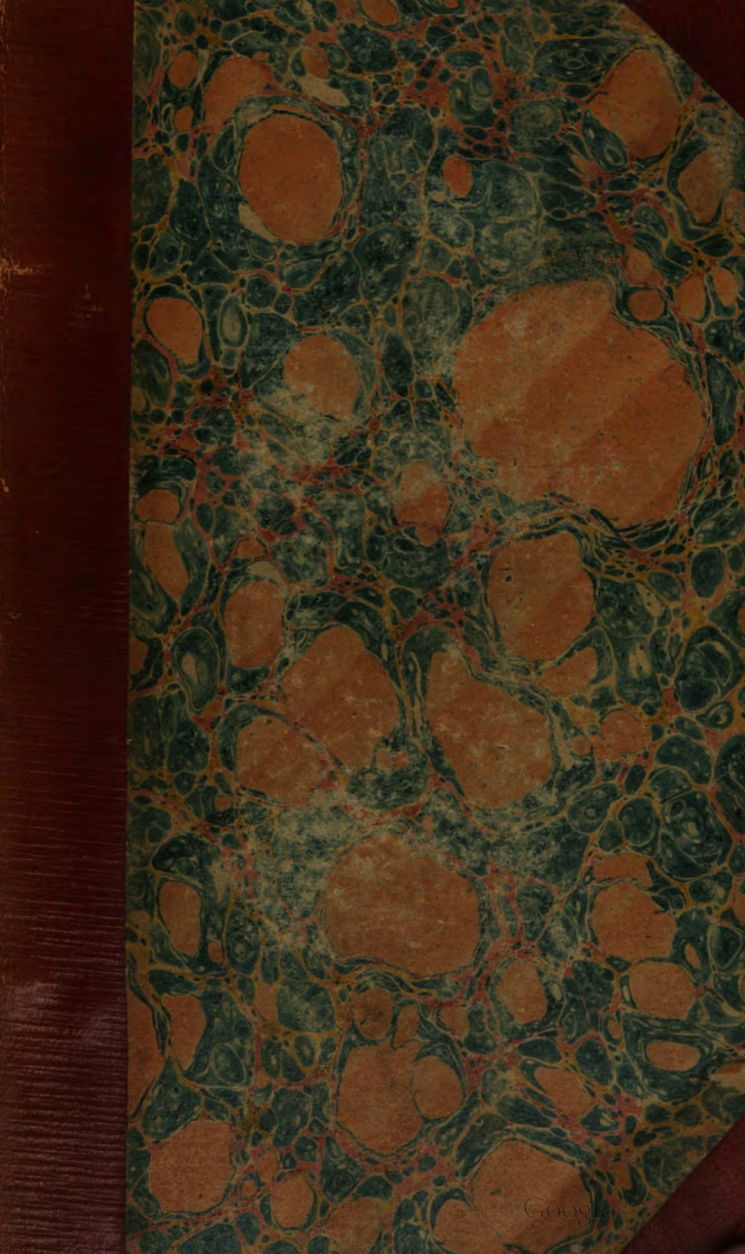
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Sir Benjamin Morris.
Waterford.



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ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS

Sedley, Charles

Asmodeus;

OR, THE

DEVIL IN LONDON:

A SKETCH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FARO TABLE," "A WINTER
IN DUBLIN," &c. &c. &c.

"The World has People of all sorts."

LOCKE.

London:

Printed by J. DEAN, 57, Wardour Street, Soho.

**FOR J. F. HUGHES, 15, PATERNOSTER-
ROW, & 5, WIGMORE STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.**

1808.

Price One Guinea.

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PREFACE.

"Let Hercules himself do what he may,

"The Cat will mew—the Dog will have his day."

It will be evident to all who do me the honor to take up these volumes, that I have borrowed my machinery from the labours of LE SAGE; but it will be equally evident, that the resemblance does not boast one other feature of that celebrated original.

It has, lately, been the fashion, I understand, with Coffee-house babblers, to declaim against the *Malice* of some of my former publications; because they have been told that they contain severe strictures on the prevalent follies, or licensed vices, of the great world. Now, the *relative* being, wholly, beyond the comprehension of *such* people, *their conclusion* must, consequently, be unfounded.

But as I have often credit, with better judges, for *more* than I intended; and, as likenesses are fre-

quently discovered, of which I, the painter, am wholly unaware; I stand condemned, rather for the officious qualities of my commentators, than for my own mischievous propensities: as, however, my future pursuits are about to withdraw me from this kingdom, I shall retire—alike—from the inuendos of the Fashionable—the puerilities of the pragmatical Orator—and the envenomed abuse of the vagabond Reviewer.*

* I beg leave to apply this term, only, as it will be recognized: generally speaking—I mean no offence to Critics.

Novels, like all other popular objects, have their fashion. Formerly nothing was read that did not breathe the very soul of SENTIMENT. Circulating libraries were filled with "*Delicate Crimes*"—" *Innocent Adultery*"—" *Virtuous Cuckoldom* !"

Then followed the HORRIBLE—originating in "*The Mysteries of Udolpho*," and borrowing every gloomy aid from the German School.

The publication of "*The Monk*" formed a new æra; and SENSUA-

LITTY became, avowedly, the order of the day.

Next, in succession, I believe, appeared the highly favoured "*Winter in London*;" and thence ANECDOTE was proclaimed the Literary Magnet.

If, then, I have addressed myself to the taste of the town, am I, therefore, to be deemed malignant?

The inference — which I disclaim — is, certainly, unjust: nor

do I understand how persons, of fashion, SEEKING NOTORIETY by every estrangement from the prescribed laws of morality, should be offended with the mirror that reflects their *dignified* exertions, in vivid and glowing colours.

He, who wastes his time in works of science, starves on expectation ; while the more wary scribbler, who seizes on the ever variable whim of the town, may extract, from public caprice, that remuneration, which he would

seek, in vain, from public justice, or from public liberality.

Six reasons have, lately, been given by "*an Amateur*," for making an obscure painter an associate of a certain Academy, in preference to several others, whose acknowledged abilities bore every intrinsic title to that distinction.

"He was chosen," says the writer, "first—because he paints *bad* portraits: *secondly*—because he gives *good* dinners: *thirdly*—because he *humbly* canvassed for the honor:

fourthly—because the election excluded a man of real talents :
fifthly—because his works will serve as a foil to those of his patrons :
sixthly—because he will always do as he is bidden.”

And, thus it is, with patronage in all its stages : the man of genius *vegetates*, while the time-server *lives* : the odium, therefore, attaches to the depraved appetites of the public, and not to the purveyor of the entertainment.

Let the great world cease to

devour scandal, and the little world will cease to serve it: and if it should be felt that I have made more discoveries than my competitors—I wish it to be known, that my knowledge of men and manners has been purchased with an ample fortune; and, that the world having, *freely*, made its uses of me, I see no harm in making use of the world.

I take leave with respect.

THE AUTHOR.

London, April, 1808.

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MOTTO.

.....for spirits, when they please,
Can either Sex assume—or both :
 but, in what shape they choose
Dilated or condensed—bright or obscure—
Can execute their aery purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.

MILTON.

ASMODEUS;

OR,

THE DEVIL IN LONDON.

I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

A FIRE.

IT was a fine spring morning—The pealing clapper of Saint Paul's had already thundered out the second hour, and the watchful guardians of the night dozed on their respective posts—when a plebeian blood, deprived of his last

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guinea at the gaming table, and meditating ways and means to prey on the unwary, was suddenly accosted by a well dressed stranger, as he lounged along the deserted streets in pursuit of he knew not what.

“ You have been unfortunate, Mr. Hazard”—was his abrupt address.

“ It would appear you knew me”—replied the other, viewing his new friend askance, and fearing to recognize a Bow-street officer.

“ I know more”—continued the

stranger—" than you can be aware of: but dismiss your fears, and accept my good offices—follow, and I will make your fortune."

These words were singular; but the manner of the speaker was still more so—it was imperative: and Mr. Hazard, although unconscious of his assent, followed his guide, in a quick step, through Portland-place; in the neighbourhood of which, they discovered a house on fire.

The mansion was at the corner of a mews: the whole of the lower stories

were in flames: the engines had not as yet arrived; nor had a single watchman sprung his rattle.

At this perilous moment, the family, consisting of several persons of both sexes, appeared at the windows of the attics, filling the air with piercing shrieks, and reiterated exclamations that the staircase was on fire, and all hopes of escape cut off from the interior.

“Help me to force this door”—said the stranger, leading his companion to the opposite corner—“the premises

must be destroyed, but we will save the family,—they are among my best friends, and I must not desert them in this extremity.”

The door, though massy, yielded to the efforts of the stranger; when they entered a long narrow outhouse, hung round with fire buckets, and furnished with escape ladders.

“ It will be impossible to move these ladders”—said Hazard.

“ Obey”—replied the stranger: each raised an extremity of the machine;

and, in a few minutes, two ladders were posted beneath the windows of the attic story.

They ascended ; and, with a facility that surprised him, Hazard saved the crowd from one window, while the stranger rescued those at another, and conducted them, safely, to a neighbour's.

Meanwhile, the whole street was in alarm, and the watchmen had conducted their forces to *look* at the flames.

“ Let us retire”—said the mysterious stranger.

They did so—and having walked, silently, into the New Road, the stranger placed a small casket in the hands of his companion, with these words—

“ Present yourself, to-morrow, to Mr. Bombay—the gentleman whose family you have saved from destruction—and restore that casket to him. It does not contain jewels, as you might suppose, but documents, to him, beyond all price. He will re-

ward you as you deserve. Continue to pursue your usual avocations ; and, when you least expect it, you shall see me again—farewell.”

Hazard looked round—but his companion had vanished from his side.

DELINEATIONS.

TOM Hazard was born in a milk cellar, among the Seven Dials, of poor but honest parents: his father exercised the functions of hackney chairman in St. James's Street, and procured little Tommy—who had been three years at a charity school, and was a remarkably smart boy of his age—to be received into the stables of a nobleman's family; where he became a general favourite, on account of his great

talents, being remarkable for his courage in boxing, or in backing the most vicious horse—his mimickry—the grace with which he tossed off a glass of gin—and the volubility with which he encountered the most celebrated slang orators of the neighbourhood.

He had, likewise, another talent ; of which, however, he was extremely desirous to conceal his proficiency—namely, that of dismantling the harness-room ; beginning—like all other great men—with a petty purloinment of a girth, or a stirrup leather, till the effect of habit emboldened him to

grasp at a saddle and bridle complete ; which heroic action having made a great noise, and little Tommy having heard that the better part of valour was discretion, he contrived, that same day after dinner, to fill his pockets with silver forks and spoons, and to take a very unceremonious leave of his stable friends.

Our little hero was, now, about eleven years of age, and had too much worldly knowledge to return to his friends ; he, therefore, applied to the convenient shop, where he had previously disposed of his pilferings, which

shop was distinguished by a sign-board—*“FORBIDDING nobody to bring no stolen goods to that there shop”*—and received five shillings, each, for his ill-gotten treasure.

With this sum, he retired to one of the Inns of Court—concealing, with a degree of cunning much beyond his years, the wealth of his pockets: in this new situation, he recommended himself, by his adroitness, to the porter, who employed him in cleaning, and carrying home, the boots of the students.

He had not, however, long pursued this trade, when he attracted the notice of a limb of the law—not very remarkable for his *fair* dealings—who, having proposed to indent our hero, his youthful ambition fired with the idea, and he accordingly became—by virtue of said indentures—the *lawful* livery servant of his new master.

In this capacity, our hero served his time *faithfully*—that is, by doing *every thing*, in the way of business, that he was desired to do—till he, at length, became a regularly qualified “UNUS,” &c.

Little Tommy was, now, metamorphosed into a *Gentleman*, and was considered a very pretty fellow among the ladies. He became a half-price frequenter of the theatres—sporting an immense opera hat—and was the alternate *ami* of several kept ladies who kept their carriages, as well as the *elegant* chaperon of pretty milliner misses.

With one of these latter, however, our hero had a narrow escape for his life—the young lady having, by and with his advice and privity, repeatedly purloined remnants of high priced

lace, he enabled her to sell the same with better advantage than he had formerly disposed of his own picaroonings, and they set up a gig with the profits.

But this convenient traffic was, at length, discovered; and Mr. Hazard was taken up as an accomplice of the fair thief—a beautiful creature of seventeen years of age. He, however, contrived to get his neck out of the halter; but sentence of death was passed on the miserable object of his infamous seduction.

The notoriety of this misfortune

drove our hero from his chambers, when he became a frequenter of every fashionable race-course, and a constant attendant on the public gaming tables ; his dress and address procuring him the acquaintance of many gentlemen—*by birth*—with whom he associated on an intimate footing ; but during two or three years experience, in a variety of fortune, his character became as notorious as his poverty, and he had recourse to the fashionable game of swindling to enable him to dash at the gaming table.

An obstinate run of ill-luck had, lat-

terly, drained all his resources; and, on the evening of the fire, his whole estate, real and personal, was comprised in the clothes on his back.

A NABOB.

In delivering the casket to our hero, the stranger instructed him in a private spring, by means of which he might inspect the contents——

“ He must, surely, be the devil”—
said Hazard, on perceiving himself to
be alone——

“ The devil ! ” — repeated a soft
echo——

“ Well”—he continued—“ devil, or no devil, I am likely to be a considerable gainer by this night’s adventure, so I will go quietly home, inspect this casket, and anticipate the events of the coming day.

Without disclosing the contents of the casket, it will—for the present—suffice to state, that our hero was enraptured with his new possession: at a proper time, he prepared to attend on Mr. Bombay.

On his arrival in —— street, he was informed that Mr. Bombay was to be

found at the Jermyn Hotel; and, that the family had left town for one of their estates, a few miles distant from the metropolis.

Presenting himself at the hotel, our hero was admitted to the presence of the great man; who, having, for some minutes, viewed him from head to foot, with a supercilious frown, demanded the occasion of his visit; but when the purse-proud Indian learnt the extent of his obligations to his visitor, his muscles relaxed their severity; and, with suavity the most engaging, and condescension the most

flattering, he expressed his *heart-felt* gratitude by warmly grasping the hand of his visitor.

Not to detail a conversation, which—though extremely interesting to the parties—was not, particularly, calculated to excite a general interest, I shall merely state, that the joy of Mr. Bombay, at the recovery of his casket, exceeded even that which he had felt at the escape of himself and family from almost inevitable destruction. He pressed to know in what manner he could serve his preserver.

Tom Hazard, without circumlocution, stated himself to be the younger son of a respectable family in Cornwall, and that a fashionable indulgence on the turf, and at the gaming table, had involved him in temporary difficulties : to repair which, Mr. Bombay intreated he would do him the honor to consider him his banker, and *compelled* him, en attendant, to receive a check for five hundred pounds.

The arrangement concluded, many inquiries were made with respect to the stranger, who had so materially assisted at the fire ; but, on this head,

our hero stated the simple fact of their accidental meeting, and sudden separation.

Elated with the success of his morning's visit, Tom appeared, at night, at the gaming table; and, urged by an *instinctive* impulse, to push his fortune, he arose, from play, the winner of two thousand guineas.

On the following morning—having previously recruited his wardrobe from the pawnbroker's—Tom, habited as a full-rate blood, mingled with the gay throng that promenaded Hyde Park,

when he suddenly found himself walking, arm in arm, with the mysterious stranger.

“With-hold your surprise”—said the latter—“and, in the intricacies of yonder clumped trees, I will unfold myself to you.”

These words were scarcely uttered, 'ere they found themselves, alone, in the most remote part of Kensington Gardens.

THE DEVIL.

MY name"—said the stranger—"is Asmodeus ; the same wandering spirit whose adventures with the student of Alcala, Don Cleofas Leandro Perez Zambullo, have been so facetiously recorded by the celebrated Le Sage.

Our hero never having read the renowned History of "*Le Diable Boi-*
VOL. I. C

teurs," was compelled to avow his ignorance of the personage before him.

" True"—replied Asmodeus — " I should have recollected, that your time has been much more advantageously passed. Myself and brother devils have obligations, to you, which I am, now, about to repay. Listen to me.

" I was released from the power of a mighty magician, who had corked me up in a small phial, by a student in Spain; and, having rendered him a service in return, by procuring him the hand of the most beautiful maiden

in the Spanish dominions, I hastened to visit my old companions in Hell.

“ At that time, I was a little dwarfish fellow and moved upon crutches ; but a covenant having been entered into by my enemy the magician, and the superior of the lower regions, it was decreed, that I should be compelled to wander, over the face of the earth, for the space of one hundred years, with the power of inhabiting whatever mortal form I might chuse—visibly or invisibly—changing at pleasure ; but

subject to the penalties of mortality while so incorporated.

“ In these metamorphoses, I have been, alternately, a philosopher and a libertine—a sage and a lunatic—a miser and a spendthrift—a peer and a pickpocket—

“ But the most remarkable transmigration, is that, from which I have just escaped, in a neighbouring kingdom ; where I had usurped the greatest influence in the state, by throwing myself into the body of a soldier, remarkable for the beauty of his person

and his athletic form ; under which semblance, I became the favourite of a voluptuous court lady, by whose patronage I, arrogantly, gave laws to the land, and trampled a virtuous race of nobility beneath my tyrant sway.

“ At length, my insolence and depravity exceeding all bounds, I provoked a revolution that had, nearly, proved fatal to my life.

“ Escaping, however, I winged my way to England, where I have been an invisible spectator, at the different gaming tables of the metropolis, in

search of a friend whose principles might assist me in my labours, and whose pleasantry might make him an acceptable companion in my wanderings.

“ I soon pitched upon you as a ready agent, and caused you to lose all your money, that I might have an opportunity of relieving your distress. The fire, though accidental, was most opportune ; as the family we rescued are extraordinarily rich, and the *best friends* I have on this part of the globe.

“ With their *private* history I shall, hereafter, make you acquainted—meanwhile, you are in possession of secrets that make them tributary to you; but this is nothing to what I propose doing for you—Here is my hand—Will you, henceforward, profess yourself my obedient pupil?”

“ Most noble Devil”—replied our delighted hero—“ accept my allegiance, and command my powers—I am, heart and soul, devoted to your Asmodean highness.”

“ Enough”—resumed the demon—

and twining his arm within that of his companion—whom we shall call “THE STUDENT”—they mounted in the air, gently hovering over the heads of the gay crowd that filled the Park, in all the decorative rivalry of beauty, taste, and fashion.

“We have an hour to spare before dinner”—continued the obliging devil—“and I will amuse you with a few anecdotes *en passant*.”

HYDE-PARK.

“OBSERVE that lusty lady in the dark vis-à-vis—is she not a charming creature?”

“Fat, fair, and forty”—replied the student.

“Your remark”—rejoined the devil —“shews you to be a novice in the world of fashion. That lady is as

much made up as a wax doll. She has been, such as you now see her, for these last five-and-twenty years: her embonpoint is friendly to the ravages of time, and every lineament of decay, is, artfully, filled up by an expert fille de chambre, who served her time at the toilette of a celebrated devotée in Paris. She drives through the Park, merely, to *say*, that she has been there; but the business of the morning will be transacted at her boudoir, in the King's Road, where every luxury unites to influence the senses; and, where a sturdy gallant daily expects her. She is a perfect Messalina in her

enjoyments; but her rank in society is by no means injured by her sentimental wanderings.

“The tall handsome equestrian, who has just taken off his hat, to her, after the manner of the veil cour, is a knight of the . . . ribbon; a great flutterer among the ladies, and a *vast* composer of pretty little nothings.

“At one time, this spruce Adonis devoted himself to the lady of the boudoir, and, as the practice of the cosmetic art is not *unknown* to him,

his fine brown complexion, and manly form, soon softened the heart of his philanthropic mistress.

“ An assignation took place ; but the lovers had not been closeted many minutes, when the lady burst into an hysteric laugh, and rang for Mademoiselle Blanche — The discomfited knight, with a rueful countenance, demanded the occasion of this unseasonable mirth, when my lady replied, still laughing—

“ Un petit rien fait toujours rire
à une petite folle.”*

* At an Edinburgh ball, a Colonel of Yeomanry, lately, appeared in the Assembly Rooms with regimental pantaloons profusely embroidered in front. A female wit, as lovely as she is piquante, ran up to the officer's wife, and asked her if her husband's pantaloons did not remind her of one of Shakespeare's plays?

“ Comment ? ”—was the smiling reply.

“ Because ”—said the arch observer—“ they pretend *Much ado about Nothing*.”

Truth is, certainly, an amiable attribute ; but the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, savours, at all times, more of *sincerity* than *good breeding*.

“ The visit, to the boudoir, was *never*, as you may well suppose, repeated.”

“ And pray who is this Jessamy ?”

“ Jessamy ?”—why, he is a General Officer—one who has marched and countermarched, to high command, westward and eastward ; and now enjoys the *otium cum dignitate* with a star.”

“ Does the page of history record his name and exploits ?”

“ Most certainly !—It is recorded, that a noble Lord ran away with a beautiful girl from boarding-school, whom he entertained, for some time, in a chosen retreat sacred to love. But satiety follows close upon solitary enjoyment.—The peer panted for novelty ; yet, being an honorable rake, he resolved to provide for his little stray lambkin.

“ The knight of the . . . ribbon was then a young soldier armed, at all points, for conquest. The lady liked him, and he liked my lord’s settlement :

“ To be brief, they married, and his patron—*although* a lord—has been stedfast in his interest. This is the little history of the *honorable preferment* of a veteran in the school of Mars and Venus.”

“ But what became of the General's lady ?”

“ Oh, she has long been fast asleep in Abraham's bosom, and there she deserves to rest, for the indigent never had a better friend——

“ Let me, now, direct your atten-

tion to that gilded carriage with the head down. You will observe a vulgar broad red-faced looking woman, dressed, like a macaw, in a variety of gaudy plumage. It is the celebrated Mrs. Bencoolen, who thrusts herself into every company, with a "*Me voici*" and kimboed arms—that seem to say, "How much do you think I should sell for?"—but her vulgarity is balanced by the costly profusion of her suppers: she it was who first introduced WENS at a London table.

"The two pretty girls, sitting opposite to her, are the daughters of a

poor relation, whom she makes the slaves of her insolent caprices, under a *promise* of providing for them in marriage.

“ The Gentleman, driving the light blue barouche, four in hand, was, for many years, the half starved heir of a wealthy miser, whose passion for *accumulating* could only be exceeded by his passion for *profusion*.

“ He was a gentleman by birth and education, and associated, in his younger days, with the first nobility.

“ Devoted to play, he once continued to *sport*, for two days and a night, without intermission : but the man who mingled with the most fashionable, as well as most profligate, of our nobility at Arthur’s, would quit the scene of splendid dissipation, at which he had risked thousands, to walk through the cold, or rain, to Smithfield Market, where he would stand bargaining for the sale of his own cattle with a carcase butcher.

“ When travelling, he would, always, take the road that had the fewest turnpikes, whatever the diffe-

rence in point of distance, and fortified himself, against the necessity of baiting on the road, by a supply of hard eggs, which he declared to be the best damper in the world.

“ He was member for B——, during three successive parliaments, to which honor he was elected by the spontaneous votes of the freeholders; and, during that period, he always resisted party influence, voting as an independent country gentleman.

“ Latterly, this eccentric being was the constant frequenter of a certain

fashionable coffee-house, where they played cards for trifles ; and his principal avowed inducement, for this practice was, the great saving it afforded him in fire and candles : relying, however, too much on his own skill, and his former taste for play not being wholly extinguished, he was goaded to a match, at piquet, with a much abler practitioner than himself, who won three thousand guineas, from him, before they arose from table.

“ This act of folly was, however, succeeded by a systematic perseverance in every species of penury. In-

somuch, that he has been detected gleaning his own corn-fields in summer; and preparing, by collecting chips and dried branches in an out-house, against approaching winter. At his death, he left a sum of five hundred thousand pounds, independently of his entailed properties, the former of which he gave to his two natural sons, of whom, the dashing character, who passed us, is one."

"A most extraordinary compound truly."

"By no means—the world is full

of eccentricity—You would perceive it, in every individual, were you permitted to steal on his privacy unobserved, scanning his thoughts and actions while he thought himself alone.

“ Turn to the right, and you will perceive an invalid airing in an open carriage just passing the Barracks.”

J. F. B.

“ I do—and know him well by reputation—he is a staunch patriot—the people’s friend.”

“ You mistake him quite. He is a red-hot patriot, if you will—One of

those troublesome sort of beings, who, from a superabundancy of zeal *always* to do right, is *almost* always doing wrong—like the honest citizen, who entertains a courtier with a profuse dinner; and, from excess of politeness, compels his noble guest to gorge himself, lest he might not be a full partaker of his luxurious banquet—the Baronet surfeits his partisans with *excessive* patriotism.

“ But all extremes are dangerous; and extremes are the certain effect of singular opinions; which encroach, on the heated fancy, till they become ri-

diculous, when they, fortunately, *happen* not to be dangerous.

“ With respect to the noble Baronet, however, it should ever be remembered, that when he errs, he does so from principle; and, that, in his private character as a father, husband, friend, and polished gentleman, he has few equals—no superior.

“ His family is among the most ancient of the kingdom; and is traceable, without interruption, from the days of William the Conqueror. He took his seat in Parliament at an early

age; but the first occasion that gave him celebrity, was his stedfast opposition to a bill purporting 'to regulate the publication of newspapers.'

"The Cold Bath Prison became the next object of his most determined reprehension. His language, on this occasion, was uniformly bold, energetic, and breathing the true spirit of liberty. He strenuously called the attention of the house to the unconstitutional measure of adopting a Bastille in the heart of a free country: *private* prisons, at which *private* punishments—cruel as they were illegal—were ex-

exercised at the *mercy* of an unprincipled goaler: cells, in which human beings were exposed to the horrors of heart-sickening solitude, and depressed, in spirit, by their restriction to a scanty and *exclusive* allowance of bread and water."

"*If this*"—emphatically exclaimed the philanthropic orator—" *be not tyrannical, it is impossible to define the term! and I promise you, here, that I will persevere, to the last, in unmasking this wanton abuse of justice and humanity.*"

"But, with all this feeling and all

this humanity, the zealous advocate of Liberty is become a visionary and an enthusiast, whom the world must, alternately, admire and pity. In summing up this slight sketch of his character, however, it is but justice to add, that although his fortune is princely, and was at his command* *early in life*, his name has never been registered among the fashionable gamesters at the clubs in St. James's-street, Newmarket, or else where."

† He was the second son. His elder brother was drowned in descending a prodigious cataract on the Rhine.

Asmodeus now remarked that it grew late, and proposed retiring :

“ One moment ”—said the student—
“ pray tell me who is that Lady, of Quality, just driving in at the gate in a superb yellow vis-à-vis ? ”

“ Ha ! ha ! ha ! ”—replied Asmodeus—“ that Lady of Quality, a very few years since, was pot-girl to a public-house in Mary-le-bone ; but an old debauchee admiring the fineness of her shape—the brilliancy of her black eyes—and the symmetry of her features—took her into keeping, after a

month's ablution at Margate, and gave her masters of every description. Her understanding was ready, and she was left, at his death, with an annuity of twelve hundred pounds — improved beauty — superficial accomplishments — and an immensity of caprice, insolence, and vanity.

“ At an entertainment lately given, by this dashing Cyprian, she kicked down a dessert service of glass and china, that cost five hundred guineas, in a moment of passionate whim ; and, when her paramour would have besought her to be more composed, she

called for her writing-desk in a rage—committed a settlement of four hundred a year, that he had made her a short time previously, to the flames—and asked him, indignantly, whether he dared to suppose that *paltry* parchment gave him an authority to direct her actions?”

“What said the lover to this heroic speech?”

“He, very sensibly, made her a low bow—thanked her for her kindness, in releasing him from his bond, and took leave *never* to return.”

Asmodeus and the student were, now, lightly hovering over the entrance to the Park, at the Piccadilly Gate, and the next moment they found themselves before the door of a hotel, in the Strand, where the devil lodged.

The two friends having dined together, and passed a very agreeable evening over the bottle—Asmodeus, at half past nine, proposed new adventures to his pupil, who, eagerly, accepted the invitation.

NIGHT SCENES.

AS soon as they reached the corner of the street, the demon and his companion—arm in arm—again mounted into the air. The buildings, as they passed, appeared of a fairy fabric—every room was disclosed; but, in the rapidity of their flight, the student had no opportunity of making particular remarks.

At length, alighting near the India-house, Asmodeus said he was particularly desirous to explore a bookseller's in that neighbourhood; and presently they both found themselves in the corner of a small room, where they discovered several persons very merry with a manuscript, which one of them was reading aloud.

As they burst into sudden fits of excessive laughter, the student inquired why they were so entertained—

“Because”—answered the devil—
“they are cutting and carving up every

popular author of the day, to fill the disgraceful pages of a scandalous Review of which they are the despicable editors."

"What!"—exclaimed the student—
"would you *restrain* the freedom of a
British Press?"

"By no means"—replied Asmodeus
—"I would only *curb* its *licentiousness*.
It may be the usurped privilege of
Ignorance to vend buffoonery for wit;
and to mistake scurrillity for satire:
but if *Criticism* wholly forsake the
demerits of the work, to *wallow* in

personal invective, against the author—
I would expose, to public execration,
these degenerate Commentators, who
assume the chastening tone of reform,
to *passport* every base and malignant
propensity of their own hearts.

“Does your severity apply here?”

“Yes—to the very letter. This
midnight crew of literary assassins,
steal here, one by one, to meditate on
deeds of darkness! for so tremblingly
alive are they to cowardly apprehen-
sion—so fearful of deserved chastise-
ment—they keep an amanuensis to

prepare, for press, their infamous essays ;
but spite of all this “ *Villain’s Cunning,*”
the cloven foot will shew itself.”

“ Pray which is the Captain of this
critic gang ?”

“ The Man in black ; his *spurious*
MANNERS bespeak the *Bastard Gentle-*
man : he is a scribbling mushroom,
whose toadstool muse aspired to dra-
matic composition ; and, as nothing is
too ridiculous for the Winter Theatres,
his mass of absurdities—his *lusus na-*
turæ—vamped up from a tale as old as
EDGAR, was attempted on the stage ;
but honestly consigned—amid the

clamorous din of cat-calls—to perpetual banishment.”

On this memorable occasion, a *rival genius*, thus *pathetically*, celebrated the event.

IMPROMPTU.

“Alas! poor bard, how vent’rous bold,

“To tempt *thy* fate on this dread spot—

“*Thy tragedy*, how *dull* and *cold*—

“The *critics’* rage, how HISSING HOT!”

“These *facetious* gentlemen, however, will soon abjure their mirth—Mark!”

A Printer’s devil, now, entered the

room, and presented them with the prospectus of two new works, at the perusal of which, the whole party was convulsed with rage—it ran thus:

Just Published,

THE SATIRIC CERBERUS,

OR

Monthly Bow-wow-wow;

A domestic Tale, in one pocket volume, interspersed with *curious* Anecdotes of several NOTORIOUS *literary* Curs.

MOTTO.

“ A knave—very voluble, in *putting on the mere*
“ form of civil and humane seeming, for the better

"compassing of his salt, and most hidden love
"affection.

"A slippery, and subtle, knave! a finder out
"of occasions! a devilish knave! a pestilent, com-
"plete knave"!

Shakespeare.

Also,

A Pamphlet entitled

† HARRY, DICK, AND * TOMMY,

OR

The Lunatic Heir.

MOTTO:

* But I will find him when he lies asleep,
" And, in his ear, I'll hollow—† MORTIMER !

* Master Tommy is a very MORAL Gentleman.

“ Nay, I’ll have a starling shall be taught to
speak

“ Nothing but Mortimer—and I’ll give it him

“ To keep his anger still in motion.”

HE does NOT sport a *snug concern* in the New
Road—

HE does NOT keep the victims, of his insatiable
malevolence, either in public gaols, or at private
madhouses—

HE does NOT hire *vagabond critics* to traduce
those who honestly *dare* to remind him of his
iniquities—

HE is NOT as much despised by his own family,
as he *deserves* to be, by all the world—

But, “ take HIM *for ALL in ALL,*

“ *We ne’er shall look upon his LIKE again.*”

“ This *pitiful* dramatist”—said the student—seems to be aware, that “ *thereby* hangs a tale”—and he “grins horribly a ghastly smile,” as if in mockery of the *impotence* of his antagonist.”

“ He will soon find however”—answered the devil—“ a full, true, and particular account of his *birth*, parentage, and education—life, character, and behaviour ; as well as that of his colleagues : but we will leave them to chew their cud, and visit another GENIUS.”

Alighting on the leads of an obscure house, they passed on to a spacious garret, in which they beheld a man and his wife, with their eight children. The apartment was littered with materials for engraving, printing, paper-making, &c. &c.

“ That man”—said Asmodeus—“ is one of the most ingenious rogues I ever met with. His whole life has been one regular chain of imposition and villainy : yet, he has contrived, hitherto, to evade the law, and boasts that he shall now celebrate his fifty-fifth year ; but he will cheat Jack

Ketch, of his fees of office, by hanging himself, in prison, before that period arrives.

" I should fatigue you by detailing the petty villainies of his youth, which were of the most prominent cast; and still more, by describing the variety of disguises, occasionally, used by this Proteus—One, or two, anecdotes will sufficiently elucidate this *great* man's character.

" His usual appearance has been that of a gentleman, which, a smattering of French tuition, and travel,

have qualified him to assume with success—but he has been known to receive money for the discovery of himself.

“ He, once, personated three characters before the same gentleman, by which tissue of artifice, he affected to restore five hundred pounds—of which he had defrauded a Dutch merchant—while he, in reality, passed a forged bank bill for one thousand pounds on his credulous victim; from whom he received, in change, a check for five hundred pounds; which, in a fourth disguise, he tendered for pay-

ment, at the opening of the Bank,† early next morning, and made off."

"Hark"—exclaimed the student—
"whence arises that dreadful noise I hear?"

"Oh"—answered the demon—" 'tis
nothing more than what happens almost
every night. That young creature,

† This ingenious villain, whose name was Price, really hanged himself in Tothill Fields, at the age of fifty-five; after having defrauded the public, of upwards of one hundred thousand pounds, at different periods of his life.

whom you may perceive to be so drunk that she can hardly stand, is a common street-walker; but having staggered beyond the limits of her walk, she has been assaulted by the *ladies*, on whose privileges she is supposed to have infringed; and not submitting to pay footing, for the encroachment, a scuffle has commenced, which the watch are settling by conducting the whole party to the round-house."

"And do these unfortunate wretches really prey upon each other with so little mercy?"

“ Really they do”—answered the demon—“ The unfortunate object of all this uproar, is not yet two-and-twenty. Her father is a farmer in Wiltshire, and what his neighbours call a warm man : of several children, none survived, to maturity, except Amelia ; but her mother being a very silly woman, and the girl being handsome, it was perpetually dinn’d in her ears, that her beauty would, one day, make her fortune.

Thus tutored, and encouraged by her own vanity, Miss Amelia proudly rejected the advances of her equals ;

and became the easy victim of seduction. The object of her affections was a gay young baronet, who pledged his honor to marry her at the death of an old uncle, tottering round his grave. She loved—implicitly believed—and consented to accompany him to London.

“ Here the masquerade—the opera—the play—were lethean antidotes against reflection. Pleasure succeeded pleasure, and her unhappy parents and the farm were forgotten in the magic circle of dissipation.

“ Amelia, however, had scarcely recovered from a premature confinement, occasioned by fright in returning, one night, from the theatre, when her weak frame was assailed by a more serious misfortune. The baronet, whom she believed to be at New-market, was just married to an heiress, and the *Morning Post* detailed the magnificent particulars of the family entertainments on the occasion.

“ Her relapse was tedious ; during which, she was carefully attended by her landlady, to whom, in the anguish

of her heart, she explained her *real* situation. Recovering, she was introduced to a *Niece* of her humane and lady's who, gradually, laughed her out of her remaining virtue—introduced her to a *friend*—and eventually taught her to drink drams. The consequence of this pernicious habit was, that she gave her arm one night, at Vauxhall, to a dressed up vagabond, with whom she unconsciously passed the night.

“ A loathsome illness was the consequence of this frolic: her wardrobe left her piece-meal; till, at length, she was obliged to seek shelter in a public

hospital; from which, she was, after some months confinement, committed penniless on the world.

“ Without a friend either to soothe her mind, or to relieve her distress; and wanting not only the adventitious aids of ornament—but those, even, of decency—she was rejected, with disgust, by every passenger whom she invited to *enjoyment*!

“ In this situation, each day brought with it an increase of misery. Without a lodging to conceal her wretchedness, her days were passed in obscure

alleys, and her emaciated form *reposed*, at night, beneath the, often dripping, pent-house. Here, she associated with beings as wretched as herself, in circumstances, but infinitely more abandoned in principle. Example vitiates:—and Amelia, the spoil'd, flattered, and caressed *darling* of her mistaken parents, is an outcast to society, abandoned beyond reclamation."

The student, hardened as he was in iniquity, shuddered at the melancholy tale; and the feeling heart, that contemplates it, will I hope do more—while parents would do well to remem-

ber, that the gates of mercy should never be closed against the repentant sinner—and, if they were not, London would lose half its miserable objects.

DREAMS IN THE EAST.

Pursuing their tour, the Devil and his Student found themselves, towards midnight, at the Bell Savage Inn ; when Asmodeus, as usual, taking up the discourse, pointed to a chamber where an elderly personage was fast asleep—

“ He is a clergyman ” — said the demon—“ who has a wife and eleven children in Devonshire ; where, for up-

wards of thirty years, he contrived to serve two curacies, at twenty pounds each. The rector, of one of them, died two days ago; and he immediately set off for London, in compliance with the urgent entreaties of his wife, who had found a large purse in the fire the night before.

He is, now, dreaming that the bishop, who has the nomination to the vacant living, has haughtily rejected his humble suit, in favor of a young country parson, who is, notoriously, pimp and poacher to a great London lord: he fancies himself condemned to return,

on foot, to his family, with only three shillings and sixpence in his pocket; and debates on the best means of saving, out of their future necessities, the expence of this hair-brained journey."

" I pity him from my soul"—said the student—" pray may not your devilship do a good action, now and then, without derogating from your dignity, or forswearing your allegiance to your chief?"

" Most assuredly"—replied Asmodeus—" for I must inform you, that

my mission does not extend to the seduction of virtue: we are content in offering our assistance to the vicious, and I can promise you, hell will scarcely be large enough for the accommodation of its inmates."

"Suffer me, then, to advocate the cause of this friendless being"—said the student.

"I would, cheerfully, good Mr. Moralist"—resumed the demon smilingly—"but there will be no occasion for my agency—this poor gentleman will arise to-morrow, despondingly, from the vision of this night ;

when a good spirit will conduct him to the house of a noble duke, which he will mistake for the residence of his grace's next-door neighbour — the bishop: and having been admitted, nature will lend him eloquence to plead his cause.

“The duke, however, who is a singular character, will ask his trembling petitioner for whom he has mistaken him—and when he understands it to be the bishop of —, he will ring his bell, and inquire, gravely, from the servant, who *he* is.

The poor parson's confusion will be excessive, to find he has been addressing the premier D— of England ; but, in the midst of his awkward apologies, his grace will take him, familiarly, by the arm—introduce him to the bishop—and make the request a personal obligation to himself.”

“ Which will, of course, be granted ? ”

“ To the Duke it will—to the parson, with eleven children, it would have been refused.”

“ The next room contains the sleeping beauties of a rosy cheek'd young lady, who descended from the Bristol mail this evening, and has taken up her abode here, not being acquainted with an individual in town, or possessed of a single guinea.”

“ A runaway, I suppose, from her parents, who would have compelled her to some odious match.”

“ A runaway certainly ; but not from her parents. She is an orphan, heiress to a considerable property, payable on the day of marriage, or the

day she may become of age. In a romantic whim, she set out from ——shire, in Wales, yesterday morning, on foot, with a small bundle containing a single change of linen: she was, afterwards, taken up by a coach that carried her to Bristol, where she arrived just as the mail was setting off.

“ She is now dreaming, that she is walking in a delightful garden, where the four seasons appear to have associated their respective treasures: her elated heart gives elasticity to her bounding form, as she trips it, like a

fairly, o'er the enamelled plain—presently, a serpent will crawl, insidiously; from beneath a groupe of roses, jessamines, and violets—which she will not perceive till it stings her on the left arm.

“Hark! do you not hear her scream with terror?—she awakes.”

“What is the translation of her dream?”

“It is a very melancholy one. Tomorrow she will be visited by a gentleman, who happened to be a fellow

passenger in the carriage with her; and, to him, she will unfold her real situation."

" Being a family man, he will take compassion on her unprotected youth and beauty, and take her home to his house, when the united entreaties of his wife and daughters shall prevail on her to return home. An accident, however, will prevent the fulfillment of her half-formed resolution, and she will fall into the power of a notorious money-lender; who, in order to possess himself, *quietly*, of her fortune, will place her in a well furnished house—

appoint her male and female servants
—and lull her suspicions by thus courteously supplying all her wishes.

“ Eventually, however, he will possess himself of certain rights, in her estates, when he will confine her without covering, and almost without food, to a dark chamber, in order to compel her to a more enlarged assignment of her fortune in his favor. From his fangs the law will relieve her ; but she will lose her sight, from excessive sufferings, and become the wretched inmate of a parish work-house.”

“ Can this really be done in a well-regulated metropolis ?”

“ After what you have done, my good friend”—said the devil—“ your question is rather sententious.

“ In the next room, is an honest grazier, who came up, this morning; to London, with ten thousand pounds in his pocket ; which sum he has lodged in the Bank.

“ He dreams, that he is just arrived; and has lost his pocket-book; but the *Boots* will awake him, at four o'clock,

to return by the same coach he came in.

“ The safety of his money being ensured with his restored faculties, he will anticipate the surprise and admiration of his wife and daughters, as he describes, to them, the lord mayor’s state coach, which happened to pass him in his way from the Bank.

“ But the most singular, among the travellers, is the old woman who lies snoring in yonder old green damask bed. She is in her eighty-second year, and very rich. Four grand-daughters

are in joyful expectation of her exit, she having left her property equally among them."

" And what, in the name of all that is ridiculous, could induce the tottering old dowager to come up to London?"

" Obstinacy of opinion: hearing, lately, that a number of fine houses were to be disposed of, by lottery, she took it into her *wise* head, that she should, certainly get the capital prize, if she went up to London and bought her own ticket.

“ She is, now, dreaming, that she purchased number thirty-six thousand, eight hundred, and fourteen, and that it, actually, came up the capital prize ; but as she goes to the office, to-morrow, to purchase her ticket, the axle-tree of the coach will break down—snap her thigh—and a mortification, in three days, will lay her in her leaden coffin.”

“ The grand-daughters, then, will get the prize instead of the old woman !”

“ Just so—they will share upwards

of three thousand pounds each—now, let us take another post.

“ The rich canopied bed” — continued the demon—“ in the room we have just alighted at, contains the sleeping forms of a little tun-bellied alderman—who was knighted when sheriff—and my lady his wife.

“ He dreams, that having gorged, tête-à-tête, with a brother alderman, remarkable for his epicurism, on turtle soup and calipee at two o'clock, he is hastening home to swallow antimonial wine, that he may be qualified to re-

gorge at six, at the Fishmongers' Hall, of which corporation he is a member. While her ladyship—who is really pretty, and was brought up at an *helegant* seminary in the suburbs—professes all the half-bred airs of a lady of quality, and lives, the whole day long, in the neighbourhood of Saint James's Street.

“ She dreams, she has made an assignation with the colonel, at her milliners, and is quarrelling, in her sleep, with every article of dress her maid presents her with.

“So much for the travellers—now let us seek the bed-chambers of the fashionable world.”

DREAMS IN THE WEST.

“ THAT large white fronted house, before us, is the residence of two sisters, late singers at a winter theatre. They are the *bosom* friends of a certain noble Lord, whose purse and person they equally partake. But the *happy* Earl, being absent from home, they are indulging, in their separate chambers, with a favoured gallant — We will visit them.

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“ The lady, in the laced night-cap bound with a pink silk handkerchief, is the elder of the two sisters, and solaces, during my lord’s absence, with a serjeant of the life-guards, from the Knightsbridge Barracks.

“ She dreams, that she is a “ *Virgin of the Sun*; and, that having fallen asleep in the temple, the sacred flame is extinguished. She suffers every ideal agony, in contemplating the horrors of her fate; it being the invariable law to punish vestals—so offending—by burying them, alive, in a deep cavern; leaving them a lamp, a loaf, and a

pitcher of water—which cruel aids, by protracting life, add to the dreadful sufferings of the wretched victims.”

“ I can perceive”—replied the student—“ her mental sufferings in her distorted features:—her forehead appears to be moistened with cold perspiration.”

“ You are right”—said Asmodeus—“ and her dreaming sister is scarce less happy. This lady—in imitation of her *chaste* elder—has also indulged with a bedfellow.

“ She dreams, that having caught the vaccine infection, by milking a cow in a frolic, a projection has taken place, on her right cheek, resembling the head of a calf; and that a cow’s tail is actually growing out of her chin.

“ I should have told you, that the former of these ladies, prides herself on her *virtue*; and the latter on her *beauty*.

“ We are, now, mounting towards the bed-room of a celebrated Saint James’s toast, who is on the eve of

marriage with a young nobleman of great promise.

“ She dreams, that the ceremony took place this morning, and that she has been, suddenly, seized with labour pains in the arms of her husband, who starts from his bed, in the agonies of a madman, to dispatch servants, in every direction, for medical aid.”

The lady has sacrificed, it would appear, to her husband before marriage?”

“ That she has sacrificed”—return-

ed Asmodeus—"is most clear, as she is now three months *enceinte* : but *not* with her husband, who believes her to be a very vestal. The *author* of the embryo, is her father's Swiss valet de chambre."

"And who, pray, is her father?"

"A rich eastern General, who is violently in love with the beautiful wife of a subaltern officer, in the Company's service, lately married, and just about to return to India.

"He dreams, that he is chief of

the district of *Cooch Bahar*, near Bengal, and that the object of his affections is the wife of a ryot,* to whom he has, *purposely*, lent a considerable sum of money; which debt, by the laws of the country, compels the debtor to deliver up his wife, at the *desire* of his creditor, as a pledge, redeemable,† only, by repayment of the money borrowed.

* Ryot—signifies a peasant.

† It sometimes happens, that the wife of a debtor is not redeemed for the space of one, two, or three years. If during her cohabitation with the creditor, any increase of family should take place, one half of such increase belongs to him and the other half to her husband. This usage has been observed from the remotest antiquity.

“ Observe how his old lips water with the transports of expectation.

“ Our next visit shall be to his spendthrift son, who, on the presumption of his being sole heir to his father—his sister being portioned off—keeps up the establishment of a petty prince. He is a Colonel of Dragoons, who does duty in Bond-street.

“ There he is, fast asleep in the arms of his *dulcinea*, a pretty little *marchande de modes*, whom he seduced from her allegiance, to become mistress of the revels to his brilliant

parties. She devotes two hours, every morning, to her accomplishments.

On Monday she dances—on Tuesday she sings—on Wednesday she rides—on Thursday she plays the harp—on Friday she studies Hoyle—on Saturday she receives an universal preceptor, with whom she reads, writes, draws, cyphers, studies geography, mathematics, the globes, British classics, philosophy, politics, and religion !!!

The Colonel, either to prove the

munificence of his disposition, or to tempt the credulity of his tradespeople; has loaded his lady with diamonds: she has, also, her carriage and her private box at Drury-lane.

“ She dreams, that she is just falling, from an immense height, down a precipice,—while he dreams, that he has seen a winding-sheet, in the candle, for several successive nights, and that a fortune-teller had assured him, his father would die in the course of the week.

“ But the cream of the jest is, that his father has made a will, leaving him only a yearly stipend of two hundred pounds, to keep him from starving, when his enraged creditors shall have thrown him into prison.

“ The next objects I would point out to you, are a newly-declared married couple of great fashion. The parties, however, have in reality long been man and wife: the former called it policy to conceal the ceremony, and the latter preserved the secret till dame Nature, a prodigious tale-telling lady, made the discovery absolutely ne-

cessary. But the fashionable world had scarcely dropped the novelty of this mysterious transaction, 'ere the public curiosity was again excited by an action of crim. con. brought against the bridegroom; which action has terminated in an award of five thousand pounds damages.

“ He is, now, dreaming that the bailiffs—having entered the house in disguise—are preparing to break open his chamber-door, while he meditates a leap, from his two pair of stairs window, into the street.”

“ Will he have occasion to tempt so dangerous a project ? ”

“ By no means—at this moment, a subscription is filling, among the ladies of the haut-ton, to pay off the *scandalous damages*—as *they*, *virtuously*, term them.”

“ Indeed ! how came he so highly favoured ? ”

“ Oh, it is a whim of fashion—either to shew their contempt for morality, or their gratitude for past services.”

“Bravo—You do not, then, I may presume, languish, in the other world, for want of female society.”

“That lovely young creature”—continued Asmodeus—“who sleeps with her arm across her forehead, is the compelled wife of a jealous-pated gouty old fellow, to whom she was sacrificed, by her parents, in consideration of a splendid settlement, and in direct violation of their consent, previously given, in favour of a more suitable helpmate. She is, however, the mother of a sweet little boy, of whom she is dotingly fond.

“ For a length of time, virtue silenced the emotions of her own heart in favour of the man she loved ; but the absence of her husband from home, and the pressing letters of her lover—through the agency of her maid—have prevailed on her, this evening, to make an appointment, with him, in the Temple Gardens, for to-morrow, at one o’clock.

“ She dreams, that the hour is arrived ; when, with a fluttering heart and burning cheek, she prepares for her appointment ; but chancing to meet the nursery-maid with her infant,

just as she is about to descend the steps of her own door, the innocence of his endearing smile upbraids her with the crime she is about to commit, and recalls her slumbering virtue : she madly clasps her little darling to her bosom, and resolves to be virtuous for his sake."

" But that is merely a dream."

" True — yet the impression will determine her conduct, and she will be rewarded for it. Her old husband will be put into damp sheets, at an inn, on the road : a fit of the gout

follows, which will fly up into his stomach; so that, in a few hours, she will *hear* that she is a widow, and *feel* that she may, with honour, bestow herself on the man of her affections."

"What have we here"—said the student—a bed-chamber lined with glass cases, curtained with green silk? Probably a surgeon surrounded by his skeletons."

"You were never more deceived in your life"—answered the demon—"Yon sleeping figure is a celebrated

painter, virtuoso, and member of the Royal Academy.

“ He dreams, that he is sent for to visit a dying uncle of considerable landed property, in Yorkshire, whose declared heir he is ; but, unfortunately, the ‘ *Emperor of Morocco* ’ having winged past the bow-windows of the breakfast-parlour, while the servant was gone up stairs to announce his arrival, he fancies that he jumped out of the window, in pursuit of his Majesty ; whose aërial flight conducted him, through hedges, and over ditches, for many a weary mile ; insomuch,

that he has been obliged to seek repose, from his fatigue and mortification, at a neighbouring inn.

“Returning in a post-chaise, next morning, to his uncle’s, he is refused admittance; and, a few days after his return to town, he receives a letter, from the old steward, announcing his masters’ death, and the revocation of his will in favor of a distant relation.

“But that is only a dreaming horror”—continued Asmodeus—“his waking anxieties are still more poignant. In the room above him sleeps his lady.

She was a private actress ; and, being possessed of a fine form, he engaged her to sit to him, in attitudes, for a series of paintings, emblematical of Collins's Odes to the Passions: falling, however, violently in love with his model, during the progress of his labours, and the *mœek-eyed* maid modestly resisting every overture offensive to the delicacy of her sentiments, the poor artist, in a paroxysm of folly, made her his wife.

“ During her good humor, she affects the fine lady, in burlesque imitation of my Lady Townly, to the ut-

ter contempt of her plebeian helpmate,
and the annoyance of all his visitors;
but when her *gentle* nature is ruffled
by whim, caprice, or native insolence,
she instantly puts on the termagant
humors of a Katherine, and turns the
whole house topsy turvy."

"Why, then, does not her husband
wear the rigours of a Petruchio, and
humanize her, by opposing brutality
with brutality?"

"Because the good man is a Jerry
Sneak, and would rather lull a storm

by condescension, than provoke it by opposition.

“ She dreams, that a nobleman is smitten with her air, on seeing her descend from her carriage; and, that she has just received a perfumed billet from him, breathing all the odours of love, truth, and constancy.

“ The rough black-bearded gentleman, 'in the attic bed-room of that large boot-warehouse, is the rich father of a very *accomplished* damsel, to whom he proposes giving a fortune, in possession, of thirty thousand pounds, in-

dependently of future expectations.

He has, already, refused the offers of a needy Baronet, resolved not to bestow her fair hand on any thing less than a viscount.

“ He dreams, that she is just gone off to Scotland with one of his apprentices, having made free with papa’s pocket-book to defray the expences of their journey.

“ As we are so near St. J——’s-square”—continued the demon—“ I will relate to you a pleasant anecdote, of which I will show you the hero.”

The next moment brought them into a magnificent bed-chamber, the hangings of which were light blue velvet, and the ornaments burnished gold.

Pointing to the bed—"That sleeper"—said he—"is a noble, of high rank, and of a certain age: he is remarkable for the elegance of his manners, and the variety of his gallantries; which are, materially, assisted by powerful sophistry, and convenient principles.

"At present he is engaged—heart and soul—in the conquest of two charming widows, who, unknown to

him, are intimate acquaintance. They are young, witty, beautiful, and somewhat inclined to coquetry; but he imagines himself to have played his cards so successfully, that both will, shortly, surrender at discretion.

“ He dreams, that he is at a watering place, and has made an assignation with one of them, at a friendly milliner’s; but the rapidity of his fancies have, suddenly, placed him—he knows not how—in bed with his two favourites.”

“ I should not suppose”—said the

student—"that he was so pleasantly engaged—his features are strongly marked with perplexity."

"And not without reason"—replied Asmodeus—"his visions are of the most tormenting nature. He imagines himself to be swathed in linen rollers, after the manner of an Egyptian mummy; and, in that state, he has the mortification to find himself *almost* in the embraces of the two most desirable women in the world, without a possibility of moving more than his head—while his arch tormentors, by certain endearments, and provoking caresses,

wind his passions up to a state of madness: his rage, however, being impotent, the ladies continue to tantalize him by their endearing freedoms, till he heartily wishes them an hundred fathoms under ground."

A ROUND-HOUSE.

“ BUT morning wears”—said Asmodeus—“ and you must be fatigued with your night’s adventures. We will, however, just take a peep, as we pass, at yonder watch-house. -

“ The personage in mourning—the lappels of whose coat are torn away—is a man of fashion ; he has been

grossly insulted coming out of the opera by that swaggering *gentleman*, in the blue coat, black breeches and stockings, and military hat.: and the former refusing to give his card to the latter, a scuffle ensued, when the interference of the company called upon the constables to do their duty, and the rioters were conducted hither."

" You do not tell me who they are."

" Have patience, and I will satisfy you."

“ The gentleman in black persists in not declaring himself; from which circumstance, the constable of the night, has begun to smell a rat, as he calls it, and anticipates the reward for discovering a highwayman; but, to-morrow morning, the disclosure of his rank will terrify this Jack in office into the most abject apologies for his rough treatment—whereas, the other gentleman, who threatens the watch with his power—and whom they would gladly release, were it not for the positive charge of the supposed highwayman—will turn out to be a valet, in his master’s clothes, who came with

his master's silver ticket to see the opera.

“ The tall well-looking figure in the corner, sitting with folded arms and his hat slouched over his face, is a man of fashion who has been, a long time, playing at hide and seek. An imprudent assault on a sober citizen, forced him here, notwithstanding he did his best to *run away*. He is, now, meditating on his folly, in having, thus, exposed himself to his creditors, who, he apprehends, will hear of his situation—to-morrow being Sunday—and that he will be arrested, at the

Public Office, on Monday morning, for more thousands than he possesses pounds."

" A melancholy situation truly"—answered the student—" but pray tell me how it will turn out."

" Willingly.—He will be released, before morning, by a little Jew broker—who is his particular friend—and is a man possessed of more than ordinary powers; for he offends the laws daily; yet daily escapes them: his name, in court, is like a stale mackarel at Billingsgate; and although he always re-

tires loaded with reproach, he returns to the contest with unblushing effrontery—a contemner of the laws, and a disgrace to society.”

“I shrewdly suspect”—said the student—“he owes something to your devilship’s interference, in his behalf, or he would have met his deserts long ago.”

“Not to my interference”—replied Asmodeus—“but to that of a superior devil. The circumstances these.”

“Being some years ago in great

peril, on the Continent, and fearing to be roasted alive, he covenanted with Lucifer—who appeared to him in a vision—to become his vassal the remainder of his days, conditionally, that he was released from the Inquisition. He was, accordingly, saved; and, as he makes more proselytes than any man in England, he is perpetually surrounded by invisible spirits, who dictate to his actions, and release him from the penalties attached to them.”

“ I have heard of this famous man”
—said the student—“ pray how long will he reign in this world ?”

“ His life”—replied Asmodeus—
depends on that of a notorious usurper.
They are both decreed to die on the
same day ; and to be linked together—
to all eternity—with the same chain,
as a matchless pair to be employed
about the drudgeries of Hell.”

“ A pretty reward truly”—answered
the student—“ May I ask if all your
vassals are thus, *liberally*, rewarded ?”

“ Certainly not—the persons, of
whom I speak, are *self-devoted* to the
penalties of Hell: to our friends we

are more courteous ; and I can pledge myself, to you, that you will find many pleasant devils among us."

The student felt a sudden tremor overpower him at this discourse: upon which, Asmodeus clapped him on the shoulder ; desired him, in a commanding tone, to be more assured—then vanished.

Whatever *might* have been the reflections of our hero, on reaching his room, after the singular adventures of the day, a superior power dissipated them. He had no remembrance of

any circumstance, save that of alighting at his own door; and that his friend, the demon, aroused him from a deep sleep, telling him it was near noon, and Monday morning.

Little preparation was necessary; at once they both mounted the air in pursuit of new adventures.

MATRIMONY.

“ MARK that hired sedan”—cried the devil—“ with the yellow silk curtains drawn close round. It is about to convey an old maid to the house of a very charitable lady, who undertakes to make the single married, and the married happy. She advertises these, her benevolent intentions, and this her invitation.”

‘ As many ladies, from retired life,

or undue restraint, or caprice, have not entered into the matrimonial state; Mrs. M——, of —— street, Fitzroy-square, undertakes to obtain them objects to their wishes.

‘ Those who have employed her, will confess she is deserving the utmost confidence. It never can be known that ladies apply to her, if they do not disclose it themselves. As her connections are extensive, it is supposed that she knows where to find unmarried ladies without their applying to her. She is at home every morning from ten till three—and every afternoon from

five till eight. None but persons of fortune, and of irreproachable character, will be treated with.'

"A man's fortune must be desperately low"—said the student—"or a lady's *virtue* very troublesome; methinks, before either would adventure on such a wildgoose chase."

"Pardon me"—returned the demon—"I know an advertising lady who is the confidential agent of two demireps of quality, through whose artifices, well dressed vagabonds, and *monied* ladies who have been *crossed in love*,

are linked together in the holy bands of matrimony. Artless young women, and old debauchees, are, *likewise*, accommodated on *liberal* terms, and the house has a great run, I can assure you."

" I thought I knew something of the town"—answered the student—" but you convince me I am a mere child in iniquity."

" Be of good cheer, however"—said the demon—" You are a promising youth, and when I have opened, to you, the book of life, by exposing

the secret thoughts and actions of mankind, I have great reliance on your future proficiency. Meanwhile, your judgment is too hard upon this *industrious* order of society. Villainy and good policy are only different names for the same action. Give me your arm to P----- square.

“ You behold this elegant mansion it is the residence of a rich creole, who purchased it for his son, since deceased. I will relate their history.

“ While a school-boy, playing in this very square, the youth encoun-

tered two young ladies—noble by birth—with the elder of whom, he, presently, *fancied* himself to be violently in love.

“ He proposed, and was rejected ; but the kind-hearted parents of the lady, to save him from hanging or drowning, softened their daughter’s refusal, by telling him she had a sister, who *might* be more sensible of his merit ; and the event justified their prediction. They were married immediately : the bridegroom under seventeen.—the bride nearly two years younger.

Returning to town, the new wedded couple received a bridal present of ten thousand guineas, which they squandered away within the twelvemonth; and then, on an allowance of three thousand per annum, they resolved to travel.

“ At Florence, the young husband left his younger wife to become the travelling companion of an elderly English woman of rank, who seduced him to pass the carnival, with her, at Venice.

“ The bride, thus deserted, was in

the way that “women wish to be who love their lords”—in a foreign country—a stranger to its language—and surrounded by a household as ignorant as herself: but misfortune becomes light as it becomes familiar; and grief finds a remedy in its own violence. The lady survived this early dereliction—became a mother—and was, afterwards, reconciled to her truant husband.”

“But did she, really, forgive him?”
—asked the student.

“You will hear.—Returned to Eng-

land, they were received by the rich Creole, who had just arrived from Jamaica; and, being a man of a peculiarly amorous disposition, he soon became the slave of his beautiful daughter-in-law.

“ Revenge is sweet—and, yielding love has no bounds to its generosity: hence, the fashionable indifference with which her ladyship saw her husband devote himself to an Italian singer; and, hence, the splendid arrangements made for the reception of her ladyship at this splendid mansion, where she spent from twenty to thirty thousand,

a year, without her good father-in-law ever complaining."

" I fear this old man's love was too violent to last."

" You are right—but the difficulty was how to undo, in his sober moments, that which the madness of his passions committed in the hour of excess—Her ladyship, however, became a widow; when her father-in-law, contending that his son had no personal fortune, resisted the application of her ladyship's family for a jointure, and, by mean artifices, deprived her of a dia-

mond repeater, and other valuables, which, in *their* halcyon days, he had given to her."

"And did he prosper after this?"

"Yes, in increase of wealth—but not otherwise: he married a charming girl soon after—who was younger than his own daughter, the wife of a clergyman: the two families became very intimate, for a short time, when the mamma-in-law, and the son-in-law, eloped, to the great discomfiture of the parties left behind."

“ You really astonish me, good Mr. Devil; but I cannot help thinking you must have had some hand in producing these extraordinary arrangements.”

“ Not any, I assure you, the events I have related to you, are the immediate result of natural depravity in the parties—I will still more excite your wonder.

“ Here, is another large house, the residence of a modern happy couple, lately added to the long list of nobles who *grace* this happy land : her lady-

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ship is now dressing, to meet her *cicisbeo*, and his lordship's chaise and four is, as you see, ready at the door.

He is going to a little cottage he keeps, at Eltham, for the reception of a celebrated courtesan, with whom he frequently retires to pass a honey-week: and these sentimental arrangements have been entered into by the mutual consent of my lord and my lady."

"An arrangement, doubtlessly, attended with considerable expence"—

"The *kept gentleman* has a regular

stipend from her ladyship—besides extras ; and the *kept lady* worms about three thousand a year out of his lordship : but nobody complains.

“ A little to the westward of them is the residence of a gay lady, in her second widowhood, at the age of twenty-five. At the death of her first husband, she was supposed to possess an immense jointure ; the allurements of which, added to no common share of personal attractions, engaged the serious attentions of the younger bro-

ther of an earl, whom she, shortly after, married : but an execution having been put into the house, on the following morning, for a large debt previously owing by her ladyship, the bridegroom took a graceful leave never to return.

“ The lady has since observed the strictest propriety in her moral conduct—still, the husband, who is a most elegant fellow, and universally admired, continues inexorable.”

“ The student gasped, in silent

wonder, at these several relations ;
while Asmodeus conducted him,
through the air, towards Bond-street.

A CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

“ AH, ha !”—said the student, rubbing his hands — “ now I am at home.”

“ You may fancy so”—replied the demon—“ but I shall convince you of your error. Pray inform me the *uses* of that small shop, so neatly fitted up with pamphlets in the window, and containing some two or three hundred

sets of stale novels, as if for the amusement of the town?"

"Why, is it not a Circulating Library? That large blue painted board announces it in golden letters."

"Blockhead, that you are!"—replied Asmodeus—"That little shop, kept by that smirking dame, who dresses so simply, and looks so modestly, is supported by the subscriptions of half the female noblesse, of dash, in London—but not for the trumpery novels that lumber her dusty shelves: there are *retiring* rooms for the subscribers,

and the bookseller's shop *thrives*, although it never *publishes*."

"Many thanks, my good friend, this is a secret worth knowing; of which, I shall not fail to take advantage at a pinch."

"Not so fast"—interrupted Asmodeus—"Ladies only of the first fashion are admitted to subscribe, and no man ever enters the *penetralia* of this temple, unushered by the token of a lady patroness; which token—like the countersign in a garrison town—is changed with the evening."

“ This”—pointing to a large Library, as they floated over Bond-street — “ is the fashionable lounge for readers : here, are books in all languages, and on all subjects : it is, also, popular, as it disposes of admissions to all public places, and is crowded the whole morning with carriages ; but if you wish to see “ Every body in town,” let us take post higher up.”

THE AUCTION ROOM.

ENTERING a spacious room, well lighted from a lofty cupola, the student beheld a fashionable crowd, listening, with more than common attention, to the frothy declamation of a fashionable auctioneer; who, by familiar flattery addressed to the beauty of a duchess, the taste of a countess, or the extravagance of a nabobess, aimed to close their eyes, ears, and under-

standings against the real value of the bijou he exhibited, and to establish his own fame on the credulity of his auditory.

The room formed a glittering profusion of costly ornaments, unique gems, foreign china, pictures by the best masters, terra cotta models, bronzes, and a thousand other objects "*of no use but to the owner*"—all exposed, in lights or shades, critically advantageous to their display.

This fashionable auctioneer is a glaring proof of the nutritious qualities of a fashionable hot-bed—the former

commis of a celebrated Pall-mall orator, he affects his master's volubility, his simper, his assurance, and his hyperboles ; and, thus graced, is changed, from a thriving weed, into a full-blown exotic in the parterre of fashion.

“ Do you observe”—inquired the demon—“ that interesting young creature, who is examining, with a critical eye, the merits of a Roman fragment ?”

“ I do”—replied the student—“ and find her of singular beauty : who is she ?”

“ A lady of rank, who — though married and living on the best terms with her husband—passes her nights in the solitude of her own chamber; while her mornings are devoted to a circle of foreign virtuosi, a French abbé, and a German botanist.”

“ Is it possible, that youth and beauty, so tempting, can pursue a system so immediately opposite to the decrees of Nature ?”

“ Merely for the moment—this lovely visionary, who is all soul—all sentiment—all sublimity: who doats on the

innocent generation of the vegetable world, and expires at the idea of a more sensual enjoyment—will have her critical minute : those pretty pouting lips, that breathe only in the cause of morality, will *learn* to glow in the cause of love ; and the Platonic will become a voluptuary. For, however enjoyment may be refined, it is essential to human nature.”

The celebrated Lais,* hearing of the extreme austerity of a certain Platonic philosopher, sent for him, and

* Antenor's Travels.

received him—alone—in her luxurious chamber. After a variety of *slight* temptations, she exposed to him—as if by accident—the finest shaped leg in the universe: he apprised her of the circumstance, with an air of indifference.

“What do you think of it?”—said she—

“’Tis well made”—was the cynical reply; but *Lais*, conscious of her power, smiled at this unnatural apathy; and taking his hand, with the most bewitching smile, she added,

“ Love is the soul of the universe !
it reduced chaos to order—animated all
Nature—and is the fire which Prometheus stole from Heaven. Its sacred
influence pervades the waters—peoples
the air—and, each moment, gives life
to a million of human beings : it in-
flames mankind, and sets even the
Gods on fire.

“ Oh”—continued the animated
pleader—“ how it agitates me at this
moment ! See how my heart pal-
pitates

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Again she pressed his hand to her beautifully exposed bosom——

“ You have a raging fever”——exclaimed the philosopher——

“ Yes”——she replied——“ the raging fever of love”——and accompanying the word with the action, she threw her snowy arms around him, pressing burning kisses on his lips——

The statue* was changed into the man——and Lais triumphed !

* Robert d'Arbrissel is instanced as an extra-

The student smiled, at this denouement to the philosophical farce he had just heard Asmodeus describe ; but the latter recalled his attention to another lady, lovely as the fair Platonist, and some years younger.

“ She is unmarried ”—said the demon—“ and her flaxen tresses give so much mildness to her features ; and her

ordinary proof of continency : he not only resisted all casual carnal temptation ; but is reported to have slept between two virgins, every night, without violation to his vows.

whole deportment is so modest, that she passes, in the world, for a miracle of chastity."

"And in private?"—interrupted the student archly——

"She is, 'all that youthful poets fancy when they love'—blushing, like the western sky, she suffers the ardent sensibilities of her nature, to explain themselves, in eloquent sighs—half-uttered words—and melting tenderness, emanating from her soft blue eyes"—

“ Her lover must be very timid”—
said the student—“ or all this sighing
would be useless.”

“ Rank has thrown him—though a
General Officer and high in favor —
at so vast a distance from her, that
nothing less than an explanation—the
most unequivocal—on her part, could
assure him of his happiness.”

“ You speak in parables. Is he not
young—handsome—well made—and
educated with *court* assurance ?”

“ I will briefly relate the anecdote.

“ At the age of fifteen, the family were on a summer excursion which occasioned them to pass a night on the road. The young ladies — of whom there are several — were to occupy separate apartments on one side of a gallery, and the remainder of the party those on the other side. By the arrangements of the evening, a veteran of Mars, with no more eyes than the fabled Cyclops, was appointed to a chamber at the extremity of the gallery, immediately opposite to that to be occupied by the heroine of my tale.

“ It so happened, that by some lucky mistake, the gallant soldier passed his night in the room vis-à-vis to his own ; and, that he did not discover his error till day light ; when, anxious to retreat, he had the ill-fortune to betray his secret to a passing attendant ; whom, however, he bribed largely to silence.

“ A few months after, the young lady was seized with a *dropsical affection*, which increased every day—the faculty sent her to the sea-side ; and an *able* physician was employed as her constant attendant, by whose *superior*

skill the dropsy was dispersed; and the high-titled miss returned to town, leaving behind her every *remnant* of her disease. Her father—poor good man! was so charmed with the doctor's skill, that he exclaimed, in the fulness of his heart,

“ Now, were I a monarch, would I knight this second Esculapius !”

“ The frailty of the sex”—said the student—“ appears to me so common, that it is ridiculous to complain at a result so natural.”

“ In the Talmud”—replied the demon —“ it is written, that the Almighty refrained from the creation of woman, till solicited, by Adam, for a mate—because, in his omniscience, he foresaw the issue.

“ Being, however, desirous to make her as free, as possible, from vice, the Creator would not take her from Adam’s head, lest she might prove a coquet—nor from his eye, lest she should leer and ogle—nor from his mouth, lest she should be fond of talking—nor from his ear lest she should be a listener—nor from his heart, lest

she should be jealous—nor from his feet, lest she should be a gadder—nor from his hands, lest she should be a pilferer : yet, with all this precaution, she is compounded of all the faults, so sedulously avoided in her formation.

“ Now turn to yon groupe examining a dessert service of Seive china. The gentleman is a celebrated Surgeon, and tip-top fashionable—a machine constantly moving on the pivot of scandal, and whirling round the circle of haut tōn.”

“ A somewhat mischievous crea-

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ture"—said the student—"for a professional man. Is his *entrée* familiar with the great world?"

"So familiar"—answered Asmodeus "that he, some times, makes business for himself: the lady, in the crimson velvet mantle, is the Honorable Mrs. D——, whose husband—the avowed keeper of an infamous, though beautiful little *émigrée*—bath lately received a *French present* from his inamorata; which he, obligingly, conveyed to his wife's sister—the lady in the scarlet gipsey cloak; who, unconsciously, gave it to the doctor; who, again, as

innocently gave it to the Honorable Mrs. D——: each apologizing to the other, and neither knowing which was the aggressor.”

“ A snug family party, upon my soul; I presume the sisters are not aware of each other’s intrigues?”

“ They are not—and you would be extremely entertained to hear the lies they invent to each other, as apologies for their abstinence from their usual diet—Turn to the left.

“ The lady with large cheek bones,

so highly rouged, is a veteran demirep, long since divorced from a certain Baronet, who is in the same regiment with her *friend*. They frequently dine at the same table, with extreme good humour; and Sir Charles, when half tipsey, has been known to make violent love to his quondam lady.

“ Her business here, is to purchase a parcel of *loose* French prints advertised in the day’s catalogue; but she will be extremely mortified, after passing the whole morning in tip-top expectation, to find that by ‘loose

prints,' the auctioneer only meant
' prints unconnected and unassorted.'

" That tall stalking figure, who is hunting for curiosities all round the room, is an artist whose passion for a collection has lately been indulged at the expence of his integrity—Do you not perceive how closely he is watched by the porter ?"

" I do—but what was his offence ?"

" A bagatelle! — Some thousand pounds worth of ancient prints from a national dépôt. He thought, perhaps,

he could give them celebrity, and himself too—it was a mere *tour de la jeunesse*—a thoughtless vanity—which will, doubtless, mark him through life.

“ But the fashionable hour is begun.”—continued the demon—“ and we will return to the street to see—although we will not be seen.”

BOND-STREET.

“ IT is as I predicted”—continued the demon —“ Bond-street is full in every part. We see fashionables in carriages—fashionables on horseback—fashionables on foot—all in pursuit of pleasure.

“ To be seen in Bond-street, at a certain hour, is essential to the existence of haut ton. It is the point of

attraction for greetings, in gilded equipages, from the haughty bend of arrogance to the humble bend of servility. Here mimicry, with empty pockets, assumes the consequential air of independence ; while modest merit creeps, unheeded, through the glittering crowd. Here, all the senses are tantalized with profusion ; and the eye is dazzled with every varying temptation—and why ?

“ Because, it is the eternal business of a fashionable not to live in—but out of—self : to imitate the luxuries of the affluent without a tithe of their income, and to traffic morality for notoriety.

“ Now, mark me well—

“ That yellow chariot exhibits the fashionable persons of Colonel M—— and his lady ; who, having tumbled into a large fortune, by the death of a relation, who adventured many years ago from Scotland to Jamaica—a perfect *sans culotte*—they are pleased to consider themselves ‘ *People of Rank* :’ which pretension they maintain by the most splendid parties—at the expence of their tradespeople ; and, in this art, they are accomplished adepts.

“ Having been, some time, quarter-

ed with their regiment in Ireland, they went to Dublin to pass a few weeks, and mingled with the gayest of the gay. At parting, they invited a large party to sup on *toasted cheese*.

“ It was quite a novelty; and their rooms were crowded at an early hour. At length, the supper-room was thrown open; and, to every guest, was laid a superb silver cheese-toaster; which elegant trifle the Colonel had ordered, in *dozens*, from every silversmith in the city.

“ When, however, the carriages

drew up for the company to depart, the Colonel's brought up the rear—with all the cheese-toasters neatly packed in the imperial, chaise-seat, travelling trunk, &c.—and away went the '*People of Rank*' to the north of Ireland; whither none of the poor silversmiths could pursue them, as neither Mr. John Doe nor Mr. Richard Roe ever, now a days, travel that road; but as splendor veils the deformities of vice, the Colonel and his Lady still give brilliant parties, at a cottage ornée, near town; and are, both, prodigiously the fashion.

“ Observe the lady, in a fur hat, who is in conversation with the groom-like gentleman, who holds open the door of her barouche—She is an Earl’s daughter, lately married to a rich commoner, whom she has, already, taught to feel the expence of being allied to nobility.

“ The Gentleman at whom she smiles with such peculiar archness—to shew her white teeth—is her *cousin* : a young Viscount who keeps stables at Newmarket; and divides his time between his favourite racers, and his favourite relative.

“ She tells him, with sparkling eyes, when she shall be ‘*at home*’—that is, when her sposo will be *from home*—and the poor husband’s temples will ache before he goes to sleep ; because, forsooth, he *would* marry ‘*a lady in her own right.*’

“ One might almost imagine”—replied the student—“ that there was something contaminating in the atmosphere of fashion—What is the reputation of this lady in the world ?”

“ Nothing can be more correct—her husband *appears* the most contented of

human beings: to that happy state, however, he has been regularly drilled by my Lady Charlotte. When they first married, indeed, he put on airs, and complained, that her ladyship was, constantly, out all night: immediately, thereupon, her ladyship—to shew her obedience—ordered her porter to let the world know, that she was ‘AT HOME’ Wednesdays and Sundays, for remainder of the season; which being ‘AT HOME’ is the most expensive lounge in life—unless the lady-hostess keeps a faro-bank, or cheats at cards.

“ In the brown curricule is a sporting

Colonel—a famous shot at a *bird*; but, like Falstaff,* he would rather see a *man* d——d than fire at him. His greatest pride is to make himself singular—mistaking ridicule for admiration.

“ He will tell you—with the empty vanity of a Welchman—who under-

* “ I call thee coward! I'll see thee d——d ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders— You care not who sees your back——.” SHAKESPEARE.

takes to describe his genealogy—that such a bitch has won forty-seven matches without ever having been beaten—that she was thirteen years old before she had pups; at which *interesting* period, she produced eleven whelps—all of whom he, good man! reared, and they turned out to be excellent runners.* That such another

* Opinions are various in the sporting world, as to the superiority of speed between the greyhound and the blood-horse: the prevalent conclusion, however, is—that, on a flat, the horse would exceed the hound in velocity; but that, over undulating grounds, the horse would be beaten.

dog forms the most gallant picture of a perfect greyhound, ever submitted to the criticism of the scientific sportsman: of growth uncommon†—head long and taper—chest deep—loins strong—ears small—tail beautifully tapered—skin soft and pliable.

† “Headed lyke a snake,
 “Neckyed lyke a drake,
 “Fottyed lyke a catte,
 “Taylled lyke a ratte,
 “Syded lyke a teme,
 “And chyned lyke a beme.”

Wynken de Worde—on “the
 Greyhound” (1496).

“ Such is the picture of this vain, trifling, ridiculous coxcomb !

“ That dark-complexioned young man ”—continued Asmodeus—“ is the brave Captain of a six-and-thirty gun frigate ; and the lovely creature, who hangs on his arm, is his wife. Their marriage was hasty—a love-match, as it is called—and the Captain sailed, a few days after his happiness had been sealed, for Egypt.

“ The voyage was long, and ladies are *apt* to be impatient : in short, the telegraph announced the return of the

husband, at the exact moment that certain symptoms announced, to the wife, her approaching labour ; and, the misfortune was, that they had been separated fifteen months!

“ In this dilemma, the lady set off, unattended, in a post-chaise and four, for ——,* where she arrived about eleven at night. The foaming horses arrested their speed at the door of a young accoucheur, newly married,

* A distance of ninety-six miles from London.

This anecdote is perfectly founded in fact.

and merely the occupier of lodgings in the town. Repeated knockings aroused the family, and the doctor was desired to attend, instantly, to the carriage."

"Your name is ——" —said the lady—he assented: upon which, she gave him a letter; adding, "there is no time for ceremony—I must be put to bed this moment."

"The case was critical—the doctor not having a spare room—he, however, called up his wife, laid the beautiful stranger in his bed; and, in ten mi-

nutes, she was the mother of a fine boy ; but the doctor's remonstrances, to detain her, were altogether ineffectual—Reputation, she declared, was dearer to her than life—In two hours she returned to her carriage ; and the baited horses, once more, flew off with it, conveying the lady with astonishing rapidity to town ; *just in time* to meet her husband with extended arms, and to *faint with excess of pleasure* at his return.

“ The child was given to nurse at a poor cottager's, and the captain is the happiest man alive in the affections of his amiable wife ! ”

“ So much for depravity ”—said the student—“ can you not offer to me, a

picture of human nature in a more amiable garb?"

"I will merely offer to your contemplation a view of *humble* love, in a sailor and his mistress, and then reply to your question.

"An honest tar, in the neighbourhood of Wapping, was pressed about two years ago, and put on board a tender, the day before he was to have been married to a very deserving girl. This act of treachery was the handy-work of a *friend*, who had not only borrowed a considerable part of his prize-money, but had endeavoured to supplant him in the affections of his mistress. The girl of his heart, however, was faithful to his memory; and

honest Jack returned, flushed with victory, to claim his bride: but understanding the infamy of his *friend's* conduct, he ordered him, instantly, to be arrested for the money he had lent him, and then sent him the following letter"——

“ So Mr. Crimp, you are in bilboes I find. That was a d——d foul weather trick you play'd me; but you are, now, under hatches, and there I'll keep you until matrimony has spliced me to my Poll; and when we have swung together, the mid-watch, in the same hammock, I'll give you leave to sheer off d'ye see—but hark ye, my lad, when you are free from the grapples of the ~~bum-bailles~~, mind you dont steer in my wake, or mayhap,

I may give you a salute you wont like.
So no more at present

“ Fom your loving friend,

“ JACK FLEMING.”

“ P.S. Understanding as how you loves Poll, I send you a guinea by bearer to drink Poll’s health.”

“ An English sailor”—replied the student, delighted with the story—“ is a nondescript ; a heterogeneous compound of qualities, whimsically mixed up together ; uniting simplicity of action with sublimity of thought—and displaying a wild picture of generosity, fidelity, and bravery, ornamenting unsophisticated nature.”

END OF VOL. I.

Printed by J. Dean, Wardour-street, Soho.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



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